

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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## NOVEMBER.

BY ARTHUR H. BALDWIN.

The yellow glow is on the sea—  
The soft November glow;  
And on its bosom, vast and blue,  
The white sails gleaming show.

The red leaves fall; the queenly beech  
Has donned her diadem  
Of bright imperial purple hue,  
Each leaf a priceless gem.

The brown nuts fall; the squirrel leaps  
Triumphant o'er the spoil;  
The russet dormouse hastes to join,  
And add his share of toil.

And we beneath the chestnuts stray,  
To catch the mellow shower,  
Or pluck the rich chrysanthemum—  
King Autumn's fairest flower.

On such a day we feel we play  
On earth a feeble part;  
How poor, compared with Heaven's gifts,  
Are all our works of art.

Yet stay—a feeble part? Not so—  
A noble part we play;  
Oh, may it be that we may bear  
The glad "Well done" some day!

## GENTLEMAN DICK;

OR,

## The Cruise of the Dolphin!

A Story of Scenes and Adventures  
in the North Pacific.

By Captain Clewline.

[This serial was commenced in No. 13, Vol. 54.  
Back numbers can be obtained from all news-  
dealers throughout the United States, or direct  
from this office.]

### CHAPTER X.—(CONTINUED).

The Dolphin had been bowling along rapidly, at her best speed, but she was in a variable climate now, and they could not know at what moment a storm would sweep the decks. The barometer had gone down suddenly, and a strange gray wall was creeping up from the east. No man knew better than Dan Forsythe the danger which was coming, and how to guard against it. Up went the top-men, and foremost among them Dick Fenton, whose station was in the main yard. Hearing a quick breathing behind him, as he reached the top, he saw, instead of Tatty, the bruised face of Black Rodger.

"What are you doing here?" he cried, in an angry tone. "This is Tatty's place next to me."

"Ma, he you are mate of the Dolphin. Mr. Forsythe sent me here," was the sullen reply.

"What are you doing, there on the main yard?" roared Forsythe, from the deck. "Lay out there, you useless young lubber."

Dick pushed himself out to his station, the last foot-rope on the main yard, and began to pull away at the sail, furling it and tying his knots much more rapidly than some of the older sailors. In taking in sail, or reefing, the topman stands upon a foot-rope, swung below the yard, and to a greenhorn, the position is a hazardous one. But Dan Forsythe knew what he was about when he stationed the boy at a point which is only taken by the smartest men in the ship.

"Curse him," muttered the mate, as he looked up. "That young devil will come down alive. If he does, I've half a mind to brain Black Rodger, ha!"

He alone, among all those on the deck and in the rigging, saw Black Rodger stoop, and touch the foot-rope upon which Dick stood with the keen edge of his knife. It parted with a loud snap, and with a thrilling shriek, the boy fell.

He fell, but not to the deck, for the wind caught the swaying foot-rope and dashed it against his open hand as he dropped. He clutched it with a despairing grip, and beheld this human atom dangling by a thread, as it were, a hundred feet above the sea! What could he do to save himself?

Black Rodger retreated from the yard and stood in the top, making no effort to aid him. Tatty was sliding down from the foretop, to which he had been sent by the mate, and was crossing the deck rapidly, when Forsythe stopped him.

"Where are you going?" he cried.

"To save that boy," replied the island prince, pointing at the dangling form aloft. "To save him, or kill Black Rodger."

"What can you do?"

"I can help him."

"A tornado is on us; back to your duty, or I will kill you like a dog."

"None of that," cried a voice in his ear. "Aloft there, if you will, Tatty, and save that boy."

The person who had interfered was the only man on board the ship who had the right to do so, Captain Manning! Tatty needed no second bidding, but went up the rigging with furious speed, eager to be of service, but he did not arrive in time.

Dick found the trapeze exercise, which he had delighted in practicing in the gymnasium, of infinite service in this hour of peril. Grasping the rope above his head with a firm clutch, he raised himself higher, and held himself in that position by the sheer power of the muscles of his strong right arm, while with his left he passed the dan-

gling end of the foot-rope about his body, under the arms. No man living could have accomplished the feat, unless he had been practiced in it, and few would have been cool enough to attempt it, dangling on the end of a small rope a hundred feet above the sea. The rope being passed twice under his arms, he no longer feared for himself, for the strain was taken off his right arm, and he was no longer obliged to support himself entirely by that. Still holding the end of the rope in his left hand, he laid it across his right hand in such a way that by a quick turn he made a knot which might slip, but would slip slowly. Then, to the surprise of all, he shifted his right hand suddenly and swiftly and grasped the rope above the knot and raised his body so that there was no strain upon the imperfect knot which he had made, and while holding it in that position, working with his left hand, he formed a square knot and bore his weight upon it. If the rope held, he was safe.

He removed his hands and rested a moment, waiting to and fro at the end of the yard. Black Rodger, from his perch in the maintop, watched him with wild and furious eyes, for it seemed that the boy must escape, after all, and he knew that his victim had seen him cut the rope, though too late to save himself, and Tatty was coming up the ratlines, making the mast quiver with his weight. He started out on the yard, but the big harpooner stopped and drew a pistol.

"Come back!" he screamed. "If you set a foot on that yard, you are dead."

"I want to save him!" shrieked Black Rodger. "Can't you let me save the boy?"

"Come back; you know that I shoot close, and I warn you."

Black Rodger stepped back over the rim of the top, and grasping a backstay, slid to the deck. No one noticed him except Dan, who whispered, as he passed:

"Run into my state-room and bolt the door."

All the crew were gazing at the boy, who was dangling below the yard. They saw him lift his right hand and grasp the rope, which he went up like a cat, and the next moment he was lying across the yard, out of breath. Tatty ran out without touching the ropes, and by a single slashing blow, forced him from the foot-rope, and then lifting him on one arm as if he had been a child, he ran back to the top. Then what a cheer went up from the waiting crew; cheers for Gentleman Dick, mingled with the name of the Harpooner Prince, Tatai Mainitu.

"Let me go, Tatty," cried Dick. "I'm all right now."

He seized the stay by which Black Rodger had descended, and gained the deck, where he was first greeted by Captain Manning, who grasped his hand warmly.

"I don't know when I have been so pleased in many a year, my lad. Keep on as you have begun, and it won't take long to make old Tom Manning believe that you have been lied about by them thieves that sent you here. How did you come to fall?"

"I didn't fall," replied Dick. "See here, do you want me to punch on a shipmate?"

"No one was on the yard with you when you fell."

"Captain," said Tatty, "the boy has got queer notions of honor, and I'll take the job off his hands. Black Rodger

Blinks cut the foot-rope, and I saw him do it. The first mate saw him, too."

He turned boldly and looked at Dan Forsythe, and with those bold eyes upon him, that officer dare not give him the lie.

"I saw the man with a knife in his hand, but I cannot say that I saw him cut the foot-rope," he said.

"He cut it a foot below the yard, and if you will go aloft, you'll see that it is so."

"Steady, there at the wheel," roared Captain Manning. "Hard a port!"

It was well for them all that the eyes of the old sea-dog had seen the danger in time, for while these events were passing the gray wall had been rushing up with terrible swiftness. The wheel, in the hands of the second and third mates, was forced quickly around, while the men rushed to the starboard braces. By the combined effect of these movements the prow of the ship recoiled, and as the storm came down with a whoop, it struck her on the quarter instead of on the broadside. Even as it was the tapering masts went down like whips, until the mainyard touched the top of a great wave.

"Ease her off a little," said the captain, waving his hand. "Steady; let her go before it. You, Tatty, jump up on the top of the foremast and keep a good lookout. With sea room enough, I laugh at any storm that blows."

And the stout old captain, bareheaded, his gray hair floating in the furious wind, which dashed the salt spray into his face, stood up like some old Triton, while the ship rushed on before the mighty gale.

### CHAPTER XI.

IN THE WINE SHOP.

Dick, whose sailing had all been done in the waters of Boston Bay, had never seen such a storm as this, but he gloried in it. High on the foremast forecastle he took his stand, laughing as the salt spray dashed over him, and forgetting how near he had been to his death. Tatty laid his broad hand approvingly upon his shoulder.

"You've got enemies aboard the old Dolphin," he cried, in the ear of the lad, so as to be heard above the roar of the storm. "You've got enemies, and one of them is Black Rodger."

"And the other?"

"The first mate."

"Why should he hate me?"

"I don't know that he does. Maybe he is paid to get you out of the way. Don't let us talk any more now, but you lay low and watch my smoke. There will be thunder all around the sky before this thing goes much further."

"What do you mean?"

Tatty winked in a very knowing manner, but refused to say any more. The Dolphin rode out the storm bravely, and at nightfall anchored in the harbor of Rio, the only port she was allowed to make before reaching Honolulu. Black Rodger had not been seen since he ran below, after he reached the deck, although Tatty had looked for him high and low, with the intention, openly expressed, of making him "wish for the refuge of the grave." But although he searched in every part of the ship, except the cabins of the captain and first mate, he could find nothing of the ex-wrecker.

"I'll have him yet, the dirty thief," he muttered. "Forsythe has hid him somewhere, and I'm going to find out where it is."

Forsythe was left in charge of the ship while the captain and steward went ashore to buy necessities for the voyage, which they could not very well obtain in New Bedford. The men were given shore leave for the day, as there was little danger that any of them would desert so early in the voyage. Rio is a strange old place, and under the watchful care of Tatty, who knew the town well, Dick walked about from street to street, finding in every one something new and strange. The great cathedrals, the convents, monasteries and public buildings were new to him; the processions of dark robed priests and nuns; the horsemen from the Pampas, in their gaudy, national costume, showing off their horsemanship to the admiring crowd; for these Gauchos, half Spanish, half Indian, are the best horsemen in the world, not even excepting the Mexicans. Pretty Brazilian girls, in neat costumes, peeped at the handsome boy and the stalwart sailor from beneath their dark veils, and some even permitted the veils to be blown aside, to catch the eyes of the American, for whom Spanish women have always shown a decided preference. The men, on the contrary, scowled at them, and muttered curses from behind the smoke of their fragrant cigars.

"Have you got your pistols handy?" said Tatty.

"Yes," replied Dick. "Why do you ask that?"

"Because these half Indian Brazilians are mighty handy with their knives, and I am going into this wine shop. It won't be healthy for them to pitch into me."

He turned into a wine shop, and in exuberant Spanish asked for wine, which was brought at once, together with cigars and fruit. Dick applied himself to the fruit, leaving the wine and cigars to Tatty, who was fully competent to attend to them. After drinking two glasses of the rich wine, he filled up again, and then, lighting a cigar, leaned back to enjoy himself.

"If there is anything on earth which suits me, it is an indolent life in a hot country," he said. "I've lived the life in my own land, but it gets tiresome, and I long for the sweep of the surge, the spout of the whale, and the harpoon in my hand. Come; what do you want, you black-mouthed son of a thief?"

This apostrophe was directed to a dirty looking Gaucha, who had come to the door of the wine shop, looked at the Americans curiously, and slunk away.

"I suppose he never saw a live harpooner before," said Tatty, fondling his favorite weapon, which he carried with him wherever he went. "He'd better not fool around me too much or something might happen to him."

The Gaucha went back to another wine shop, not far below, where Dan Forsythe was seated at a table over a bottle of wine.

"Well, friend," he said, speaking the language of the country fluently: "have you seen them?"

"Si, senior," replied the man, as he sat down at the table and helped himself to wine. "They are sitting at a table, and the big one is drinking and smoking, and the boy eating oranges. I do not like the looks of that large man, and he has got a terrible spear with him, with a blade as wide as my hand."

"That is a harpoon," replied the mate, "and you must look out for him if he gets a chance to use it. I have seen him hit a block of wood, a foot square, at eighty feet."

The man hissed out a Spanish exclamation. He was brave enough, in his way, but the harpoon did not suit him.

"Have your own way, my friend," the mate said. "If you do not care to do the job, I will find some one else."

"No, senior; when Ramon Diaz undertakes a job, you may regard it as done. How long do you stay in port?"

"That will do; I will answer for it that the work shall be thoroughly done."

"Very good; here are five doubloons, and when you have done the work, you may apply to me for five more."

The dark hand of the Gaucha closed quickly upon the money, and with a hasty farewell, he gulped down another glass of wine, and left the place, while Forsythe sat there, knitting his brows fiercely, and trying to keep down his own rebellious heart.

"I was not always such a villain," he said, "but fate has made me what I am."

He decided himself. Fate has nothing to do with the good or evil deeds of men, but those who are guilty love to have a scapegoat upon which to lay their crimes.

"The boy is a brave one," thought Forsythe. "If he had lived, what a gallant man he would make, and what a noble sailor. When I compare him with his brother, who so basely sold him to death, I wonder that I am the willing tool of such a man. But I must have this money, come what will. I only hope that this black-visaged Gaucha may make surer work than Black Rodger did the other day. Some power seems to watch over this boy, and to give him strength to defeat me. Will he conquer in the end? Who can tell?"

After drinking a bottle of wine, Tatty and Dick left the wine shop, and again wandered through the streets. It was getting dark when they came down towards the landing, and Tatty insisted upon another bottle of wine before he gave up his liberty. Dick tried to dissuade him, but only made him more obstinate in his determination, and they entered another wine shop. Scarcely had they seated themselves, when half a dozen dark-looking men, headed by the Gaucha who had talked with Forsythe, poured into the room noisily, and took seats near them.

"That's a mighty hard-looking nation," said Tatty. "Little girl, a bottle of wine and some cigars."

The girl could not understand a word he said, but knowing that he must have come for wine or cigars, she brought both at once. Tatty chuckled her under the chin, for he had taken just enough wine to be careless of consequences. The girl did not object, but the dark-faced Gaucha at the next table was only too glad of an excuse for a quarrel. He at once arose, and advanced to their table, and stood looking on with a savage scowl.

"Why did you insult the girl?" he said, angrily.

"Sit down again, if you please, Senior Diaz, and do not interfere with my customers," cried the girl.

"Does it hurt me that he touched my chin with his fingers?" the boy is an angel. Ah, por Dios, how handsome he is!"

"I am going to spoil his beauty," said Diaz, with a savage grin. "Senior, I repeat my question; why did you insult the girl?"

Quick as thought the girl slipped past him, and ran out at the back door, just as the Gaucha struck Tatty in the face with his open hand. Without rising from the table, the harpooner gave him

a blow of the same kind, which brought him down across his own table, bottles and glasses giving way as he fell. Up sprang the Gaucha, with a murderous-looking knife in his hand, and sprang at Tatty; but was met by the broad blade of the harpoon and forced backward.

"Hern all!" cried Tatty, as if he had just struck a whale. "No playing with edged tools, my sweet youth. Back into the corner, Dick, and get out your pistols, for you may have to use them."

The two stepped back swiftly, and reached a little alcove, in which stood a single table. The entrance to this place was so narrow that a resolute man, armed as Tatty was, could hold it against a hundred. Twice the Gaucha tried to advance, but as often leaped back out of reach, when Tatty thrust at him with the harpoon. Just behind the stout sailor, holding a cocked pistol in each hand, but reserving his fire for the last extremity, stood Dick Fenton.

"Whoop!" cried Tatty. "Why don't you come on, you black-mouthed thief? I'm waiting, I'm anxious to hear from you."

The Gaucha shouted a loud order, and five of his men darted out at the back door. Dick was not a good Spanish student, but he made out a single word, which made him turn his head and he saw a large latticed window behind him, and close beside it the stout wooden bar with which it was fastened at night.

"Keep the entrance clear, Tatty," he cried. "I'll take care of the window."

He pushed the table aside and laid his pistol upon it, snatching up the wooden bar as he did so. He was just in time, for a dark hand was laid upon the lattice and tore it away, and a head was thrust in. The wooden bar descended with a dull clud, and that head was removed.

"Give them Bunker Hill!" shouted Tatty, as he heard the blow. "Do you want any help?"

"No, no; I can take care of this."

The Gaucha and his three remaining friends made a rush at Tatty, who saw that pistol measures were at an end. Still he did not wish to kill them, although he knew that they sought his life; and turning the harpoon in his hand he struck a sweeping blow at the head of the Gaucha, which brought him to the floor.

Two more stunning blows and the others were placed *hors de combat*, and he sprang to the lattice, at which the other party, with bleeding heads, were trying to force their way in, while the blows of Dick Fenton fell thick and fast.

But the Gaucha had a hard head and struggled up from the floor, a knife in his right hand gleaming in the light of the lamps. Thus armed, he sprang suddenly forward, and raised the heavy blade above his head, designing to drive it to the hilt between the shoulders of the harpooner.

There is said to be a magnetic force passing from one man to another through the eye which warns a man of approaching danger. Some such force as this caused the stout harpooner to drop suddenly to the earth, just as the Gaucha struck his blow; and, meeting no resistance, he stumbled over the stooping sailor. Rising quickly, the giant harpooner caught his opponent by the shoulder and hip, and whirled him, striking for mercy, above his head. Tatty felt all the wild blood of his heathen mother stir in his veins, and for a moment he hesitated with the writing form of the Gaucha held above his head. Then, with a fierce laugh, he hurled him headlong at the men crowding in at the open window, knocking them in every direction. Before they could recover, the Gaucha rushed into the wine shop, led by the waiter girl, and the Yankee sailors were safe.

### CHAPTER XII.

THE MIDNIGHT INTRUDER.

The Dolphin had left the port of Rio, and was off the "Horn," where she had been for fourteen days. Every morning, when he came on deck, Dick had seen that rocky headland bared against the sky, apparently in the same position in which he had seen it upon the first day when they sighted it. "Doubling the Horn" is tedious work, beating against a baffling head wind, scarcely seeming to gain a mile after a long stretch to the south, and it bedeviled the boy.

"We'll never double that cape," said Dick, angrily. "There it is, as bold and black as it was two weeks ago. I tell you that this ship is like the Flying Dutchman, and we must sail about these seas until the timbers rot under our feet."

"It always worries the boys to double the Horn," said Tatty, with his license laugh. "Don't you fool yourself, my boy. Wait until we go about again, and you will see something new."

The order came and the men sprang to their work with a will, for they knew that the time had come. The great ship felt the helm, the prow slowly recoiled, and with loud hurrahs they cleared the Horn, and were rising and falling upon the long swell of the South Pacific.

Forsythe had changed his tactics. He had failed twice, once when his Gaucha tool was beaten, and again when Dick fell from the yard, on the day when the knife of Black Rodger severed the foot-rope. He became very friendly with







you praise Mr. Carthen as a model of all virtues; and, certainly, dear as I love him, I must own that he did not speak of you to-night as I consider he ought. Of course, you laid yourself open to his strictures, by courting him in the way you did; still, for my sake, he ought to have been a little more merciful."

"What did he say?"

"He said that he should hate you, only that you were so young that he could only pity you."

"Will you swear that he said this?"

"Yes, those were nearly his own words; but his meaning was even more distinct than I have cared to make it."

"I don't know what should have provoked such an assertion on his part."

"That I do not remember; but we were speaking, I fancy, of discretion as a necessary virtue in ladies."

"And he told you that I was indiscreet?"

"Yes; but he declared that he pardoned in you what he should not pardon in others, on account of your youth, which, I am sure, was exceedingly kind."

"Indeed, I hardly know how to thank him enough," said Lina, with a bitter smile. "He has certainly given me a good lesson—for I shall never trust mortal man again. I should have staked my life on his honor; and after all, you see, he was like the rest—inconsistent, boastful, cruel. I wish you joy, Clementina; but if any man had deserted you to marry me, I should have such a poor opinion of his honor, or his faith, that I should certainly decline to accept the sacrifice."

"He has loved me from the very first."

"Then he had an odd way of showing his affection. I thought, at one time, that he actually disliked you, and regretted it exceedingly."

"Lina was not trying to retaliate; she was only speaking the simple truth, candidly, according to her wont. It had been a great trouble to her at one time, to see how much Mr. Carthen shrank from Clementina, and she could not bring herself to credit that he had made a pretence of dislike which was not called for, and was certainly concealed from all as much as lay in his power. Anyhow, whatever art had subjugated him, he belonged to Clementina now."

Had Lina been older, and less frank, she would have hidden her regret from her victorious rival, and died rather than give any sign of the agony she endured. But she was only a child still; a loving, truthful, candid creature, who had never known sorrow before, and could not smile when she felt inclined to weep.

We know the cruel part her sister was playing—we know, too, how she had won, by fraud and artifice, the position she boasted of to Lina; but Lina had no such knowledge, and her pride, and her love were both wounded by the fact of Lady Clementina's engagement to Mr. Carthen.

"If I could only get away," she thought. "They will both laugh when they see me looking pale; and how must I bring back the color to my cheeks? I feel so sad—I cannot help looking sad—and it is so terrible, at eighteen, to have no hope, no pleasure in one's life. If I were to tell papa all! But then he would hate Mr. Carthen. He wonders already, I know, by the wistful way in which I often find him looking at me. Mamma sees nothing; and she is so proud of Clementina, she would be sure to think her in the right. What must I do? Where must I go? How can I escape from my very self?"

"You had better marry the marquis," said Lady Clementina, as if she were answering Lina's passionate thought.

"Never!" was the reply, spoken the more vehemently that Lina hardly trusted her own resolution.

"I do not know what else you can do."

"I can remain as I am."

"Yes," said Lady Clementina, in soft, sly tones; "in order to make my whole married life miserable."

"How?"

"Mr. Carthen could not help seeing that you were keeping single for his sake; and though he loves me best now, seeing you so constant, he might come, at last to believe that he had made a mistake."

Lady Clementina could even appeal to Lina's feelings, after having wronged her so bitterly! But a woman who has no heart herself is always able to calculate her effect coolly on the hearts of others.

Poor Lina, driven, as it were, into a corner, and seeing no way out of her difficulties, bent over the fire and let the flames burn on her clasped hands.

"I am to have 'the man you love,' who never cared for money or rank, so that I might be happy, and to marry an old man, who has not even goodness to recommend him! It seems to me, Clementina, that you are to have everything, and I am to be utterly despoiled."

"You will be a marchioness, child!"

"And the most miserable woman that ever breathed!"

"Not unless you choose. I am sure the marquis seems very kind."

"Is he kind to the poor?"

"I suppose so."

"Or to his servants?"

"You must ask them that question."

"Then why should he be kind to me?"

"That is quite a different thing—"

"Not at all," interrupted Lina, vehemently. "It is by these things that you find out a man's real disposition. A merciful man is even merciful to his beast."

"I don't suppose the marquis is different from other men, Lina; there are great allowances to be made for him. His first wife died early, and he has never had children to care for him, or a living creature to feel for his loneliness. With a young wife, he would, no doubt, be a different man altogether; and I am sure he seems entirely devoted to you and your interests."

"I don't want his devotion," said Lina, petulantly. "He is old enough to be my grandfather!"

"What does that signify?"

"You would think it signified, Clementina, if he was going to be your husband."

"I don't believe I should. I consider it a great advantage for such a young person as you to have a husband older and wiser than yourself."

"What could I and the marquis have in common? Supposing I loved him dearly—and I hate him!—I could but grieve at such short happiness as I could only look for with a man of seventy."

"I don't believe he is seventy."

"Then he is very near it, Clementina, for his hair is as white as snow."

"Clementina was in earnest. It was necessary that Lina should marry the

marquis, under any circumstances; and the poor child, desperate with her sorrow and shame, was very malleable material in the other's hands. She held out still; but Lady Clementina was not discouraged, and returned to the attack.

"His hair being gray," she said, "can be of no consequence."

"It's quite white," interrupted Lina. "Well, then, white. Nothing looks more venerable."

This last adjective was a mistake, and Lady Clementina was conscious of that fact, when Lina, caught her up sharply.

"Why should it be necessary for my husband to be venerable, when I am only eighteen?"

"I did not say that it was necessary, but it is certainly desirable, for we are ignorant of the world and its ways, and need some one near who is better informed than yourself."

"And so I am to marry a man of seventy?"

"You seem to dwell a good deal upon the age of the marquis."

"Of course; so would you. How could he sympathize with me in any of my tastes and pursuits? What real interest could there ever be between a young girl just commencing life, and a man of his age?"

Clementina touched the fender with the toe of her satin boot impatiently, and brought all the fire-bricks rattling to the ground. Lina, whose nerves were in an irritable state, from over excitement, uttered a faint shriek.

"Don't be so absurd!" said Clementina angrily.

"I thought it was some one coming," sighed Lina.

"And supposing some one had come, it wouldn't have been an ogre, I dare say."

"I would rather see an ogre than the Marquis of Dawford."

If Lina had been less generous, how easily she might have retaliated! As it was, the idea never struck her to remind Clementina how she had once pined and sickened for the self-same ogre.

"Mr. Carthen said, to-night, he was sure you would not marry the marquis," said Clementina, slowly. "So it seems as if he knew the extent of his own influence. In any case, he advises that you should be sent away before our wedding, as he fears you would make a scene at the ceremony, and render us all ridiculous."

"He need not be afraid," said Lina, almost choking with passion and shame. "I will take care not to spoil the proceedings by any inconvenient display of feeling."

"We shall both be so dreadfully nervous. You have never been taught to control yourself, Lina; you know that."

"I can learn, anyhow."

"I quite agree with Mr. Carthen that if you could be comfortably settled before, it would be a great thing for you."

"I am exceedingly obliged to you both for your kind suggestion. And then, as I added, in a voice tremulous with such rage as Lina had never felt before in all her life, 'I may, perhaps, take his advice, and settle comfortably, as he terms it; but if I do, mind this, Clementina—you are my sister, and I will always welcome you to my house; but when you come, come alone. And now I am tired and sleepy, and it is close upon twelve o'clock. Good night.'"

CHAPTER XXXIV.  
THE SPIRIT'S SECOND VISIT.

When old Mark heard his son's account of his strange adventure in Lansdown Wood, he was greatly puzzled and somewhat frightened.

"It seems odd what Tommy Wilson could have been doing there. But there is one thing quite clear—he knows of Flax's fate, and probably it was he who took the body up, in order that the murderer might be found out."

"I wonder he had sense enough."

"Those daft creatures are often very cunning."

"It seems as if they was. I don't half like the look of things, father, I can tell you that."

"Nor I, but we must take our chance. I don't see what there is to bring us in."

"There's no telling; Joe would do anything to save himself."

"Ah, that's true! He's a sneak and a coward both, and when you get the two together you may look out for everything that's bad. And the worst of it is, you have offended him."

"I'd scorn to be friends with such a scoundrel, father."

"Before I knew him. I thought he had had an accident, the same as Master Herbert had, there's no doubt, and I never knew any worse until of late."

"What opened your eyes?"

"His manner of life, father; his cruel, sly, wicked ways. Then I seemed to see that night in a different light, and remembered now he had turned right round to fire, and how his aim was straight at the other's heart. A wounded man may tell tales—a dead man is quiet forever."

"You may depend that was his thought."

"There's no doubt about it."

After this the two men relapsed into moody silence, as if neither dared tell the extent of his fears. When breakfast was over, Nat started, as usual, in search of work. As usual, he returned at dusk, disappointed; even more, bitterly pained and annoyed. As he passed through the village, the only eyes that met his willingly, the only lips that gave him greeting, were those of the widow, Mary Flax.

She came out on her door-step, looking thin and white, but anxious evidently to make her welcome as conspicuous as possible to all her neighbors.

"How do you do, Nat? and what is old Mark about? I haven't seen him down our way for nearly a fortnight now."

Nat felt almost ashamed to face this woman whom his silence wronged, so he said, with rather a penitent air, "Father's lost his work at Mr. Lowe's. Hasn't any one told you?"

"No; come in."

Nat stepped just inside the door, reluctantly, and she closed it sharply upon him. "I want a word with you. Do you know what folks are saying?"

"No."

"They are saying that you killed my Jim."

"Who says so?" inquired Nat, with sudden fierceness; "who dared father that lie?"

"That is what I want to know. I've got my suspicions, only I keep quiet, you see, because it's best. If I hold my tongue and watch, I shall have my yet."

"Who shall you have?"

"Ah!" she said, "that is my secret. And mind you, Nat, my words to you

this day are not to go an inch beyond these four walls. You understand? Keeping quiet is my only chance, only I wanted you to know that I trust you perfectly, and haven't any thought of your being the man. I'll work to get the real murderer convicted, and I've a feeling that it will come right in the end. So that even if I was to take you to prison, you'd know I was busy trying to bring it home to him (I won't say who), and that he should take your place on the scaffold, even if I couldn't get him until the eleventh hour."

Nat shuddered.

"They wouldn't convict me," he said, with a confidence he did not feel.

"The lawyers can do anything," said the widow, gently. "I wish they would let the whole business alone. I could manage it myself easy if they wouldn't meddle; it only wants time."

"If they take me up, I shall tell the truth, and the whole truth," said Nat.

"I wouldn't take a friend's sin on my shoulders, much more an enemy's."

"Nat," she said, solemnly, "if you know anything, I beseech you to speak the truth, and I might come in for it as well as others. And, besides, there's something goes against the grain in turning informer."

"Not to save yourself, Nat."

"I'll speak if they force me to, but not before."

"If that should be too late to do you any good?" she urged.

"Ah! it won't. Come, Mary, I've always said you were the bravest woman I had ever seen; you aren't getting a coward now by chance, are you?"

"Trouble has not done that yet. I can keep up until it is all over. I don't know what will become of me afterwards, and I shouldn't care either, if it wasn't for my little ones."

"They shan't want, all the while I'm living."

She looked at him earnestly.

"Nat," she said; "you'll have enough to do to keep your own children, some of them by chance, are you?"

"I don't know, Mary."

"Why?"

"I shall wait until your little Mary is ready to marry," he said, with an attempt at playfulness; "and then she will laugh at me for an old fellow, and send me about my business, and that's how my wooing will end."

"Now's the time for you to go to wooing."

Not with that hanging over me, and the old man wanting me at home; Mary, my hands will be full until it will be too late to think of such things, it strikes me."

Nat said no more, and there was nothing he ought to have counted upon in what she had said, and yet she had a more comfortable feeling about her children's future, somehow, than she ever had before. There are men whose lightest word is more valuable than another's oath.

Mary went back to her work, and Nat returned home. From old Mark's cottage you could see the Point, and Nat, standing on his door-step, lingering a little, saw a strange procession coming slowly out from under the trees. There were three men and a few boys, and something carried in their midst, fearful to think upon, still more fearful to see. He dashed open the door, and sprang through breathless.

"Pull down the blind, father," he exclaimed, "pull down the blind. They have found the body, and are going past."

"Why, Nat, you're mad!" answered the old man, sternly. "Do you want them to think we did it?"

"They think so now, father!"

"How do you know?"

"Mary Flax told me they did."

"She doesn't accuse you?"

"I fancy she knows the truth, only she's keeping quiet in order to pat him off his guard."

At this minute there was a dark shadow across the window. Nat sat down and covered his eyes.

"Tell me when they have passed, father."

"A few seconds' silence, and then old Mark said, 'They are gone now, lad.'"

"Who was with 'em—did you see?"

"Lawrence was one; I didn't see any more."

"And Joe?"

"He might have been there, but if so, he stooped passing the window."

"He's as sly as a fox."

"I tell you what," said old Mark, rising to his feet and stretching himself; "I'll sit at home, and I won't suit me. I'll go out with you to-night, if I live long enough. The fresh air and the excitement will do me a world of good. There's nothing so bad for a man as sitting moping at home. And we shall be starving again, if we don't take care."

"Perhaps we shall find supper ready for us again to-night."

"No such luck, Nat, you may depend. Such miracles as that only happen once in a way."

"We'll get off as soon as it is a little darker; shall we?"

"Ah! I'm ready at any moment."

"I expect they'll have enough to think about this evening, without looking after us," Nat remarked. "Only I don't see much use in going; we've no traps and no charge."

Old Mark pointed to something on the table, and chuckled.

"What is it?"

"Why, enough powder and shot for two charges, that's what it is."

"Where did it come from?"

"I scraped it out of the drawers. I'd nothing to do all day, and that amused me."

"I never thought I'd wasted so much."

"You see, lad, when people have plenty, they don't take account of it. Then you come to want, and set to work to pick up the crumbs left from an old meal."

"That's true," answered Nat; and opened the door and looked out. It was dusk now, and the trees on the Point threw out a mass of shadow, dense and black.

Nat drew in his head, shivering.

"It's time for us to start, father, if you are ready."

"Did you ever know me a minute behind when there was any sport going on?"

Mark shouldered his gun; they stirred

a hare out of his seat as they walked, and it went scudding away in front of them; but old Mark would not fire—the issue was too doubtful, and his powder and shot too scanty to make it worth while.

"But it was a hard effort to restrain himself."

"This is something like," said old Mark, drawing a deep, long breath. "It makes me young again when I get into the woods. And yet, somehow, I don't feel as if I should ever come out here any more."

"Why not?"

"I can't tell; it's only a feeling I have. Look out, Nat."

"What is it?"

Nat had the gun now, and old Mark took it from him.

"I'm the best shot, he said; 'let me fire.'"

"I wouldn't waste shot on a partridge, father; it isn't big enough for two."

"Nay," said old Mark; "that's as fine a pheasant as ever you saw. Whist, Nat, don't stir."

It was just light enough to see the bird on the wing, as if suddenly disturbed at roost by the sound of voices and steps.

Old Mark flung, and the bird fell dead at his feet, the warm life-blood sprinkling his cheek.

He felt for it on the ground, and then took it up and thrust it into his pocket.

"No more firing now," he said; "we are sure of something for dinner to-morrow."

The words had scarcely passed his lips, when a sudden, stealthy hand was at his throat.

"Nat," gasped the old poacher, "why, what the deuce—"

"Leave go, father; you'll choke me," muttered Nat, confused and breathless.

"Silence!" exclaimed the stern voice of Lawrence, the keeper. "We have you fast now; and before Nat could utter another word, he found himself helped."

"What is this for?" he asked, presently, and tried to speak in a bold voice.

"For murder!"

"For murder!" echoed old Mark.

"What, my lad?"

"Ay, Mark Greysome," answered Lawrence, "if you'd brought up your son different you would never have seen this sight. But as you sow so shall you reap."

"Or murder?" repeated the old man, incredulously, yielding to a kind of dull despair. "I don't deny that I've learnt him to take a bird here and there, where he could get it; but as for killing a fellow creature, why the boy has such a tender heart, that he wouldn't hurt a fly, knowingly."

"That he'll have to prove," answered Lawrence, who, naturally, would feel no sympathy for old Mark and his son after the trouble they had given him. "He'll be let loose, there's no doubt, if he can prove he has a right to be."

"I shall tell the whole truth, now I'm forced to it; and the real murderer will have to suffer, not me. I'm not afraid to meet the whole world face to face if it comes to that."

Then he turned upon his gaoler—dark figures, with dusky faces, whom he could not see sufficiently to be able to determine their identity.

"I know what I am taken for, but they can't say my father had anything to do with it, any how. Take me where you will, but let him go."

"No, no," said Lawrence, decidedly; "we caught him in the act, and it's time he was stopped at that game. A taste of prison fare will do him all the good in the world."

"Why, even prison fare would be a luxury to men who have none days, and without so much as a crust of bread. If he was out to-night, it was because we didn't know where to look for a mouthful of food on the morrow."

"That's a pretty tale!" said Lawrence, sternly. "I'll wager, if we was to go to your cottage, we should find the ladder full."

"The other night, when we were dozing in our chairs, with our hands on our heads, and our feet on the table, and on the rest of our meal last night we have fed to-day."

"I expect you laid it already before you went to sleep."

"I tell you we were starving. We had been turned out of our work, and had neither money nor bread in the house. I picked up a crust some woman had thrown out to the dogs, and this he ate thankfully; for no victuals of any kind had passed his lips for three whole days."

Lawrence laughed incredulously.

"I don't know what's to prevent a murderer from being a liar," he said. "It wouldn't be his conscience, I should say."

"I am neither a murderer nor a liar," said Nat; "and I never took a single thing that didn't belong to me, in all my life."

"You'll deny having been a poacher, now?"

"No, I shan't; but the birds that fly in the air, and the fishes that swim in the sea, belong to me as much as they do to Lord Deane, or Mr. Carthen, or any one else. God never meant such things for the rich alone; on the contrary, I believe they were sent as a provision for the poor."

"Perhaps you'll keep up the preserves, then, and me?" said Lawrence, jeeringly.

"I don't see why you should have all the profit, and none of the pain."

This view of the case seemed to strike Nat clearly for the first time; and, being naturally candid, he said, almost involuntarily:

"I never thought about that. Of course it looks different, when you put it in that light. Anyhow, Master Lawrence, whatever me and my father have been before, I swear to you we was only poaching to-night to save ourselves from starving. We didn't know where to look for a meal to-morrow, or the next day, or any day after; for though I've been all over the country after work, no one would look at me. I'm sure, if Mr. Carthen knew the truth, he'd let him go. I'll go off to prison myself without a murmur; but father's an old man, and if you keep him up between four stone walls he'll just pine to death."

"Peace, lad!" said old Mark. "Where you can go, I can go. Only, I suppose, they won't be so good as to put us together—we who have never been parted a single night since the day you was born."

His voice broke down a little here; but he rallied at once, and added, boldly, "I don't want to be let off, for it strikes me I should soon be creeping to the prison door, and asking to be let in, just for the sake of being in the same place as my

lad was, but I won't have it said he told a lie to screen anybody; and so, if you'll go to the cottage, you'll find he wasn't only right when he said that there wasn't a scrap of food anywhere to keep us from starving."

"Very well, then; come along," said Lawrence. "If you have told the truth it may stand in your favor, for I don't expect they'll bring any charge against you except poaching."

"Who accuses my lad?" asked the old man, stoutly.

"You'll see," said Lawrence. "Come along."

They passed Lansdown Point in silence. A kind of awe crept over the men, a shuddering horror, as they caught, ever so dimly, more in imagination than in fact, the dark outline of the gaping grave. It was a relief to all when old Mark's cottage was reached.

Nat offered to show them where a light was to be found—though, with his mangled hands, he could not strike a match. But when the candle was placed on the table, a bitter cry of dismay broke from the lips of the two poachers.

A plentiful, even luxurious supper was spread out on the board daintily; knives, forks and plates laid for two, and mugs ready to hold the sparkling amber ale, with which the bottle was filled up to the neck.

"I tell you what," sneered Lawrence, "I don't care how often I starve, if this is the way you do it! You must have forgotten that your supper was set, Mark, I should fancy!"



Dick, but the boy, while yielding every obedience to his superior officer, would not be his friend, no matter what advances the mate might make.

"He's a spy one, is the first dicker," said Tatty, "and unless I find myself in a position to do something for him, I don't care to be his friend. He's a spy one, is the first dicker, and unless I find myself in a position to do something for him, I don't care to be his friend."

"What are you jawing about, there in the foretop?" growled a voice below them. They looked down and saw the mate, who was scowling angrily at the harpooner.

"Lay down from aloft, you Tatty," he cried.

Obedience is the first law on board ship, and at that moment there was a vacancy in the atmosphere lately occupied by Tatty, and he laid down.

"What do you see so enticing about that young whelp?" demanded the mate. "You fight for him like a tiger for her cubs."

"I'd do as much for any messmate, Mr. Forsythe," replied Tatty. "It is a way we old tars have, if you only know it."

"I suppose you are right," replied the mate, grimly. "I dipped my hand in the tar bucket a good many years ago, and learned the ropes. Now I want to ask you a single question, and I want you to answer it like a man. If it was a question which you would side with, that boy or myself, which would you stand by?"

Tatty was silent, but he looked at the mate in a strange, intent way.

"Why don't you answer?"

"It ain't a fair deal," said Tatty, quietly, "and I ain't going to answer any such question, if I can help it."

"Take care," said Forsythe, with a threatening look. "I won't take any impudence from you."

"I don't mean to be impudent, Mr. Forsythe. I'll say as much as this, since you will have an answer: I love that boy better than anything on earth, and I'd kill any man that tried to wrong him."

"You would?"

"Yes I would, Mr. Forsythe. Bear in mind that I've got some of the old heathen blood in me, and we love and hate strong. That boy is a good, plucky one, and has the making of a man in him. More than that, he was kidnapped on board this ship by some one that wants him to come to harm, and I'll help him through."

Forsythe grasped an iron belaying pin firmly, and made a movement as if he would raise it. Tatty crouched like a tiger about to spring, and his huge fists were tightly clenched, while the wild light given by his Maori blood flashed from his eyes.

"I've had a mind to give you one for that speech, Tatty," said Forsythe.

"I wouldn't, if I was you," replied the island prince, quietly. "Better for both of us if you hold your hand. For twenty years I have sailed upon these seas; I have obeyed orders, and no man ever struck me a blow. I beg you not to do it now, for I can't answer for myself."

Forsythe burst into a hearty laugh, and laid his hand upon the shoulder of the harpooner.

"Fellow, old man, do you think I am such a fool as to quarrel with you? I don't care how close you stick to the boy, but one thing I will say, you are deceived in him, and one of these days you will find it out."

"I don't think so, Mr. Forsythe," replied Tatty. "I think he is going to be a man worth knowing."

"You may go."

The harpooner moved away quickly, and again mounted the ratlines, when Forsythe called to him.

"Don't repeat what I have said," he cried, looking up.

"All right, sir; not this time, if you wish it."

The starboard watch went below at twelve o'clock, short time, and Dick, who was very tired, turned in at once. Tatty sat by his bunk and smoked a pipe, and when he knocked out the ashes the last was a pipe.

The giant harpooner arose, and looked at him with an earnest glance, as he lay there with his head pillowed on his arm, his curls clustered about his noble young face.

"Forsythe lies when he says that the boy is a bad one," he muttered, in an angry tone. "And I'll stand by Gentleman Dick while I have a leg to stand on. I wonder where in thunder that Black Rodger went that day; I'll pay him off if we ever meet."

He divested himself of his clothing and sprang into his bunk, and was soon asleep. But Tatty slept with one eye open, and the lightest step would always arouse him, no matter how tired he was.

His strange bedfellow, the harpooner, was lying by his side, against the bulkhead, for night or day, except when going aloft, the weapon never left him.

He awoke with a start, and realized the fact that some one was creeping about in the forecabin. By the dim light of the lantern it was impossible to make out who it was, but Tatty supposed that it was one of the "port" watch who was "soldiering," or in other words, had sneaked off the deck to sleep. This aroused the ire of the old salt, who could not bear anything like a man who would dodge his duty. Still lying quietly in his bunk he waited. The man, however it was, crept with a stealthy step from bunk to bunk, and his strange actions began to puzzle the harpooner.

"He wants to steal something," he thought. "Tobacco, maybe."

If the strange man was after tobacco, he was looking for it in queer places. He stepped at every bunk, and looked closely into the faces of the men who lay there. They were all asleep, and he passed on to the one occupied by Tatty, who at once dropped back and snored loudly, while he kept one eye partly open and fixed intently upon the face of the intruder.

He seemed to hesitate as he heard the harpooner snore, but upon second thought, he came nearer. A sound on deck startled him, and he sprang back toward the companion, and Tatty heard a low voice say: "All right, go ahead."

"Standing, eh?" thought Tatty. "One to watch the other, to do the trick; I'll see what I can do."

The intruder again approached the bunk, and Tatty was once more sound asleep. For a moment the stranger stood over him, and the eyes of the harpooner were tightly closed, for he dared not keep them open now. Again the

stealthy step was heard, as the man moved away and the harpooner again opened his eyes. This time the stranger was standing on the bulk of Dick Forsythe, and he was looking down at the sleeping harpooner with a sneering smile.

"You are a spy one, is the first dicker," said Tatty, "and unless I find myself in a position to do something for him, I don't care to be his friend."

THE OLD AND NEW LOVE.

BY J. H. FENTON.

It would be hard to have a real lover," said Daisy Hewitt.

"Well, then, here's one of your sort," replied Charles Stapleton, with a low bow.

"Nonsense!"

"And why do you say nonsense, with such a contemptuous tone of the head, Miss Hewitt?"

"Because," said Daisy, "I've known you all my life, and I should as soon think of making a lover out of yonder old clock on the stairs, that has stood ticking there for fifty years."

Charles Stapleton tried to laugh, but it was evident that he was a little nettled.

"I am not eligible to the position, then?" questioned he.

"No," said Miss Daisy, in all good faith. "My idea of a lover is something tall, and dark, and dangerously interesting; some one with a history; some one, for instance, with a little dash of color mantling his cheek, like Kenneth Crofton."

"Humph!" commented Charles Stapleton. "I presume Kenneth Crofton has a history, if one could get at his predictors."

"Now you are stooping to the unworthy passion of jealousy," said Daisy, with dignity. "Charles, I thought better of you than that."

She went back into the house, her yellow curls shimmering an instant in the sunny doorway, her white dress fluttering about her like the vaporous masses of a summer cloud, and Stapleton went away with a slow, unelastic step.

"What a superb specimen of the genus donkey I am," he muttered between his set teeth, as he stalked along, twitching furiously at his monocle.

"You are quite sure you love me now, Daisy?" he pleaded on the eve of their bridal day.

"I have loved you longer than you have any idea of, Charles," she answered, tremulously. "I found out my fatal mistake before I had been married to—that man a month. Oh, Charles, I believe I was acting under a spell!"

"It is all over now, dearest," he answered.

And so began the second life.

The old love was dead and supplanted—the new was blossoming out.

THE MUTINEERS.

BY J. H. FENTON.

"Man the mast-heads there!" was the order from the mate of the Statesman, on a bright, clear morning in the tropical latitudes of the Pacific.

The order was obeyed by those whose turn it was to take the first look-outs of the morning. But the youngster whose station was in the fore-to-gallant cross-trees paused in the foretop, and threw a rapid glance round the horizon.

"Sail on the weather bow," he reported. "A boat with sail set, coming right at us."

The announcement caused a stir at once on deck, and brought not only the captain, but all the watch below up. The all-important morning duty of washing off decks was suspended for the time being, to gaze upon the unwelcome spectacle of a whale-boat alone upon the ocean, coming to board us in the morning, like the veritable barbarian—Neptune, of equatorial notoriety.

The boat was not more than a couple of miles from us when first discovered, approaching swiftly under the combined power of sail and oars. The captain's telescope was brought to bear, and it was soon ascertained that she had, at least a full crew. We backed the maintopail, and hove to, waiting impatiently to know more, and making various shrewd guesses and speculations as to her history and character.

"They're lowered for whales, and got lost on their ship," suggested one.

"Likely enough," returned another.

"The captain makes out eight men in her," said a coxswain, coming from aft.

Here was a new phase of the matter, and our theory was blown to the four winds. Nobody would lower in pursuit of whales with any more than six in a boat.

"Castaways, of course," was now the unanimous opinion. "Ship foundered or burnt at sea, and some of her boats lost with her."

But we were not kept long in suspense, for the strangers brought their frail craft alongside as rapidly as oars and canvas could do it, and leaped in on deck. In a few minutes we were in possession of the whole story—a parody on the old one of Bligh and Fletcher Christian.

The boat contained Captain Watson, his mate and two others, from the barque Newcastle, of Sydney, who had been set adrift the day before, by mutineers. The second mate, named McGregor, was at the head of the conspiracy, which had been most artfully planned, and carried into execution while he had charge of the deck.

It was supposed that McGregor, the new commander, intended to carry the barque down among the Marshall Islands, and there destroy her, taking up his residence among the savages. There were still twenty men on board, but how many of them were actively engaged in the plot, or how many were merely cowed into submission to the new authority, was more than the captain could tell.

"And how far do you suppose your ship to be from us now?" asked Captain Watson.

"We have steered west-north-west, by compass, as near as I could," said Captain Watson; "and have run, I should judge, about eighty miles. The Newcastle, when I lost sight of her, was by the wind on the northwest tack, under easy sail. She ought to be nearly due east from us."

"Come below, and let's lay off your course on the chart. I don't know as I can do anything for you, even if I should fall in with your ship, but it might be some satisfaction to see her."

The two captains went into the cabin, and soon the order was passed along to make all sail on a wind. Nothing was seen during the day, and at night we tacked back again. And the first glint of morning showed up the barque—

"Yes, Charles, it is I."

Pale, beautiful, dressed in deep black, she stood before him, the violet eyes as blue and appealing as ever, the dewy red lips quivering.

"And I have come to beg mercy of you," she said, the cheek, now deeply discolored, turned to him.

"Daisy!"

"Be silent and hear me. They have told you of the forged check on the bank—the five thousand dollar check?"

"Yes."

"And that the finger is detected?"

"Certainly."

"But have they told you of the criminal's name?"

"No, surely Daisy," he muttered, with a strange light of comprehension dawning over his face.

"It is my husband! Oh, Charles Stapleton, you know my errand now. It is to beg, to plead that you will be merciful to us, as you one day expect mercy to be shown to yourself at the Eternal Throne. It is not that I longer care for him," she said, with a choking sob in her throat. "The spark of love died out long ago, on the altar of my heart. I discovered my delusion when the orange blossoms of my bridal wreath were fairly withered. But I have some pride left—and to see my husband condemned to a felon's doom would kill me, I believe. You alone can save me, Charles, by putting a stop to these legal proceedings. Will you do it—for my sake?"

"I will do it for your sake, Daisy."

She bent her head over his hand. He could feel the tears dropping there.

"Oh, Charles, if I could only have known then all that I know now! Oh, Charles, Charles!"

That was all. They parted.

But the next day, with a great thrill at his heart, Mr. Stapleton, the banker, heard that the finger had committed suicide in his place of confinement, during the very hour in which his wife was pleading for pardon in his behalf.

The pardon had come, but it was too late.

A year afterwards, Charles Stapleton was married to Daisy Crofton—and her past became only as a troubled dream.

"You are quite sure you love me now, Daisy?" he pleaded on the eve of their bridal day.

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Here was a new phase of the matter, and our theory was blown to the four winds. Nobody would lower in pursuit of whales with any more than six in a boat.

"Castaways, of course," was now the unanimous opinion. "Ship foundered or burnt at sea, and some of her boats lost with her."

But we were not kept long in suspense, for the strangers brought their frail craft alongside as rapidly as oars and canvas could do it, and leaped in on deck. In a few minutes we were in possession of the whole story—a parody on the old one of Bligh and Fletcher Christian.

The boat contained Captain Watson, his mate and two others, from the barque Newcastle, of Sydney, who had been set adrift the day before, by mutineers. The second mate, named McGregor, was at the head of the conspiracy, which had been most artfully planned, and carried into execution while he had charge of the deck.

It was supposed that McGregor, the new commander, intended to carry the barque down among the Marshall Islands, and there destroy her, taking up his residence among the savages. There were still twenty men on board, but how many of them were actively engaged in the plot, or how many were merely cowed into submission to the new authority, was more than the captain could tell.

"And how far do you suppose your ship to be from us now?" asked Captain Watson.

"We have steered west-north-west, by compass, as near as I could," said Captain Watson; "and have run, I should judge, about eighty miles. The Newcastle, when I lost sight of her, was by the wind on the northwest tack, under easy sail. She ought to be nearly due east from us."

"Come below, and let's lay off your course on the chart. I don't know as I can do anything for you, even if I should fall in with your ship, but it might be some satisfaction to see her."

The two captains went into the cabin, and soon the order was passed along to make all sail on a wind. Nothing was seen during the day, and at night we tacked back again. And the first glint of morning showed up the barque—

recognized at once by Captain Watson and his mate as their own vessel—running down across our course.

"Of course it won't pass us as if he can't see it," said McGregor, "but I am going to signalize my rate. Haul the mainmast up!" said Captain Watson to the officer of the deck, "and set the ensign at the peak."

The orders were obeyed; and much to our surprise, the mutineers altered their course a little, with the evident intention of speaking us.

"What does it mean, that he is so ready to speak a stranger?" was the question that passed from one to another of the group.

"Now I think of it," said the mate of the Newcastle, "I think I know his object. If he really means to wind up his cruise at one of the Marshall Islands, he will want to make a trade for tobacco and fire-arms."

"You've hit it," returned the captain. "That must be McGregor's object. There isn't much tobacco on board, and but little powder. He wants to buy more. Captain Bent, let's you and I have another talk by ourselves," he added, seeming to have conceived some new idea.

Their conference was short; but, judging from the expression on their faces, when they came on deck, and took the stances into their conference, it seemed to have been productive of something of importance. The barque's boat, in which the wanderers had been picked up, was placed overhead on the skids, as if she had been one of our own, and a sail thrown over her, that she might not be recognized. The crew were instructed to keep themselves out of sight while the two vessels were communicating.

"What barque is that?" asked Captain Bent, innocently, after he had given his own name.

"The Newcastle, of Sydney," said the mate.

"Who commands her?"

"Watson," was the reply.

"One of my men has his leg broken, yesterday," hailed our captain, "and I would like to get the services of your surgeon."

Certainly, I'll come aboard, and bring the doctor with me. I wish to see you to trade with you. And with a farewell wave of a trumpet, as the vessel passed out of hearing, he luffed to under our lee, and then lowered his boat.

Now the doctor of the Newcastle was at that moment in our own cabin, he having been set adrift in the boat with the captain; but McGregor would, of course, bring some one to personate the doctor. This would take seven men from the crew; and it was also certain that he would man his boat with his choice spirits, for if he brought any doubtful or lukewarm ones, they might prattle. We had our instructions, and within five minutes after the seven men stepped on our deck, they had all been decoyed below and quietly secured.

The boat was veered astern by the warp, and the maintopail filled on a wind, just as if we had made arrangements for a day's "gam," according to the frequent usages of whale-ships on cruising ground. Of course our partner followed our lead, keeping company with us all day, without the least suspicion. The remainder of our plan to regain possession of the ship could only be carried out under cover of darkness.

McGregor and his associates in crime were ironed and placed in the run for safe keeping. After dark we hove to and set a light in the rigging, which was at once answered by another from the Newcastle, as she closed with us and lay under our lee.

Away went a boat from us in charge of our mate, with a picked crew; while a short distance astern of her followed another, with Captain Watson and his whole party. The ruffian who was in charge of the barque, calling himself "the doctor," was amused by the first comers with story that his captain had made a bargain for a quantity of gunpowder and tobacco, and that our mate had been sent for the money in payment. Suspecting nothing, he invited his visitor below, to drink and enjoy himself a while. Our men managed adroitly to engage the attention of those on deck, and the second boat was silently alongside in the darkness, before her approach had been observed by them.

The alarm was given by the cry "Boat ahoy!" but too late. As she touched the side, her crew sprang up to assist ours, forming a superior force, with all the advantages of surprise. McGregor's lieutenant was knocked down by our mate in the cabin; the few men who really had any heart in the mutiny were quickly disposed of; and in less than two minutes from the time the boat was hoisted, the quarter-deck of the Newcastle was in possession of her former officers.

McGregor and the other principals in the revolt, still ironed, were carried to Sydney for trial. As our season was up, we kept company with Captain Watson, and made our port there, where we were liberally rewarded by the owners of the recaptured vessel for our share in the business.

APPEARANCES.—If we examine closely into the causes of our happiness, we shall find that appearances play no inconsiderable part among them. To live utterly regardless of the impressions made upon others would be to sink far below the present stage of civilization, and to banish many prevailing moral influences that exert a vast power for good. The wise man, therefore, in guarding himself and others against the abuses that come from indiscriminate and excessive love of display, will be careful not to condemn it—a condemnation that commonly fails on account of its manifest injustice. There is usually an habitual identification of pleasant appearances with the realities they personate, and this increases a faith in their importance. There is sometimes morality as well as expediency in a regard for appearances; but where so many err in having too much regard for them, and in neglecting the proper balance between that and higher motives.

The great source of pleasure is variety. We love to expect; and when expectation is disappointed or gratified, we want to be again expecting.

A CHILD rightly brought up is like a willow branch which, broken off and touching the ground, takes root and flourishes in any part of the earth.

THERE are persons who are never abreast of the age; they dive into the stream of the past and never come up again—their heads stick in the mud.

## PICTURE.

BY J. H. F.

A silver thread among the hills.  
A babbling brook among the hills.  
In sunny pools and shallows.  
A brook in the heart of the plain.  
A brook in the heart of the plain.  
A brook in the heart of the plain.  
A brook in the heart of the plain.  
A brook in the heart of the plain.  
A brook in the heart of the plain.  
A brook in the heart of the plain.

## FACE TO FACE;

OR,

## SINNING FOR HER SAKE!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GERALD," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 4, Vol. 14, Black numbers can be obtained from all news-dealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## LINA STRUGGLES WITH FATE.

No sooner had Mr. Carthen spoken those momentous words, that bound him to Lady Clementina as closely as an oath, than she tottered to her feet, bewildered, stunned, barely conscious, with only one sense, as it were, and that exquisite joy, but blunted somehow by the nearness of the danger, the keenness of the risk, she had just passed through victorious.

She stumbled out of the room, she hardly knew how, and found herself in the darkness, her hand clutching tight hold of the casket containing her locket.

The air was cold, the wind strong, and it seemed to revive Lady Clementina as it passed over her burning brows.

"Mine!" she muttered; "mine! Lina is dispossessed, at last! Even if she will not marry the marquis, she cannot marry Mr. Carthen now. He belongs to me, and will not dare draw back from his given word. Who could have dreamed, a fortnight back, when I was so near despair, that there would come such a glorious victory as this!"

It was not often Lady Clementina wept; but the reaction, after the past excitement, left her so weak, that she sat down on a bank and cried like a child.

But not for long. She was not the kind of person to indulge her feelings. They might take her unawares; but she soon conquered them—beat them down under her feet, and stamped on them remorselessly.

The dinner hour at the Park was eight o'clock; and it would not do for her to be late, as the Marquis of Dawford was to be there. So Lady Clementina ran most of the way home, and was fortunate enough to reach her own room unperceived, close upon a quarter to eight.

Her things were all laid out ready; but her maid, having waited in vain for her young mistress to appear, had evidently come down stairs again.

A sharp ring of the bell brought her back, breathless.

"Quick, Anne!" said Lady Clementina, "I have only ten minutes to dress in, and you must do the best you can in that time. Arrange my hair as simply as you like, only be quick."

Anne set to work with a very discomfited face, looking exceedingly as if she would like to grumble, if she dared. But the effect of the labor was more satisfactory than it might have been if she had taken all the pains in the world.

Lady Clementina's features were almost perfect; and her black hair only needed something in front, and twisting into a coil behind, to suit her better than an elaborate coiffure.

"What jewels, my lady?" said Anne, as she drew out the soft folds of her apron-colored crêpe skirt, some to make it fall more gracefully.

Lady Clementina had been threading her precious locket on a piece of black velvet; and this she bade Anne to round her neck, in a loose bow.

"Shall I get you some bracelets, my lady?"

"No; I require no ornaments tonight."

Lady Clementina swept out, and was in her usual place in the drawing-room when the butler announced "The Marquis of Dawford."

Poor little Lina, sitting silent in her corner, rose mechanically, as the others rose; but she was white all round her sweet lips, and her hand trembled like an aspen-leaf in the marquis's clasp.

Lady Clementina played with her locket, and smiled often to herself.

In another minute dinner was announced; and, as the marquis had the seat of honor on Lady Dacre's right hand, Lina managed to get round to the opposite side of the table, out of his way.

His eyes were on her always, as, indeed, they were on her always, but at a hint from Lady Clementina, he refrained from addressing her; and poor Lina, who seemed to have a childish feeling of terror, as if the marquis were some cruel ogre who meant to devour her, kept close at Wilfred's side, and would not allow him to move a single step without her.

At ten, the marquis's carriage came to the door, and he bowed himself out. Lina then retired, after kissing her mother and father, according to her custom. When she got to her own chamber, she dismissed her maid, and drawing an armchair up to the fire, sat down to think.

She had fancied, all the evening, that there was something odd in her sister's manner—a kind of veiled triumph and passionate joy. Lina believed that Lady Clementina loved Mr. Carthen, and was willing to resign her own claim, if it were necessary to the other's happiness; but to have the choice taken away from her by his cruel desertion, wounded her pride as much as it touched her heart.

It was almost a relief to think now of his going abroad. She could not even look out of her window without seeing his house, and being reminded of him. But when the Hall was shut up, and they themselves had gone to town, it might not be altogether so hard to bear.

In the midst of these reflections, the door opened suddenly, and Lady Clementina came in. She had exchanged her evening dress for a loose white *peignoir*; but even over this she wore the diamond locket, and as it glistened against her smooth, white throat, it seemed to fascinate and fix Lina's eyes.

"Who gave you that?" she said, presently. "It is very pretty."

"Gave me what?" inquired Lady Clementina, pretending not to understand what her sister meant.

"The locket you are wearing to-night."

"Look; and don't you recognize that face?"

She took it off, and handed it to Lina. "It seems familiar, and yet I cannot be sure."

"The original has grown up now, of course."

"But who is the original?"

"Mr. Carthen."

Lina felt herself turn very pale, but she forced herself to say:

"Did he give you the locket, then?"

"He did."

"When?"

"This evening."

"Then you were with him this evening?"

"Assuredly, for about two hours; and you will be glad to hear that he is recovering, although still very weak."

"I should not have fancied that you would have gone to him, Clementina."

"Why not?"

"Because you would not even allow me to speak to him one day as he passed."

"That is quite a different thing."

"I don't see how."

"In the first place, he had not shown me every sign of friendship one day, and forsaken me the next without a word. In the next, I went to see him under peculiar circumstances—the only circumstances, indeed, that would have excused such an act on my part, or that of any other lady."

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you praise Mr. Carthen as a model of all virtues, and certainly, as I love him, I must own that he did not speak of you to-night as I consider he ought. Of course, you laid yourself open to his strictures, by courting him in the way you did; still, for my sake, he ought to have been a little more merciful."

"What did he say?"

"He said that he should hate you, only that you were so young that he could only pity you."

"Will you swear that he said this?"

"Yes, those were nearly his own words; but his meaning was even more distinct than I have cared to make it."

"I don't know what should have provoked such an assertion on his part."

"That I do not remember; but we were speaking, I fancy, of discretion as a necessary virtue in ladies."

"And he told you that I was indiscreet?"

"Yes; but he declared that he pardoned in you what he should not pardon in others, on account of your youth, which, I am sure, was exceedingly kind."

"Indeed, I hardly know how to thank him enough," said Lina, with a bitter smile. "He has certainly given me a good lesson—for I shall never trust mortal man again. I would have staked my life on his honor; and after all, you see, he was like the rest—hypocritical, boastful, cruel."

"I wish you, joy, Clementina; but if any man had dared go to marry me, I should have such a poor opinion of his honor, or his faith, that I should certainly decline to accept the sacrifice."

"He has loved me from the very first."

"Then he had an odd way of showing his affection. I thought, at one time, that he actually disliked you, and regretted it exceedingly."

Lina was not trying to retaliate; she was only speaking the simple truth, candidly, according to her wont. It had been a great trouble to her at one time, to see how much Mr. Carthen shrank from Clementina, and she could not bring herself to credit that he had made a pretence of dislike which was not called for, and was certainly concealed from all as much as lay in his power. Anyhow, whatever art had subjugated him, he belonged to Clementina now.

Had Lina been older, and less frank, she would have hidden her regret from her victorious rival, and died rather than give any sign of the agony she endured. But she was only a child still; a loving, truthful, candid creature, who had never known sorrow before, and could not smile when she felt inclined to weep.

We know the cruel part her sister was playing—we know, too, how she had won, by fraud and artifice, the position she boasted of to Lina; but Lina had no such knowledge, and her pride, and her love were both wounded by the fact of Lady Clementina's engagement to Mr. Carthen.

"If I could only get away," she thought. "They will both laugh when they see me looking pale; and how must I bring back the color to my cheeks? I feel so sad—I cannot help looking sad—and it is so terrible, at eighteen, to have no hope, no pleasure in one's life. If I were to tell papa all! But then he would hate Mr. Carthen. He would already know, by the wistful way in which I often find him looking at me. Mamma sees nothing; and she is so proud of Clementina, she would be sure to think her in the right. What must I do? Where must I go? How can I escape from my very self?"

"You had better marry the marquis," said Lady Clementina, as if she were answering Lina's passionate thought.

"Never!" was the reply, spoken the more vehemently that Lina hardly trusted her own resolution.

"I do not know what else you can do."

"I can remain as I am."

"Yes," said Lady Clementina, in soft, sly tones; "in order to make my whole married life miserable."

"How?"

"Mr. Carthen could not help seeing that you were keeping single for his sake; and though he loves me best now, seeing you so constant, he might come, at last to believe that he had made a mistake."

Lady Clementina could even appeal to Lina's feelings, after having wronged her so bitterly! But a woman who has no heart herself is always able to calculate her effect coolly on the hearts of others.

Poor Lina, driven, as it were, into a corner, and seeing no way out of her difficulties, bent over the fire and let the tears fall on her clasped hands.

"You are to have the man you love; and I, who never cared for money or rank, so that I might only be happy, am to marry an old man, who has not even goodness to recommend him! It seems to me, Clementina, that you are to have everything, and I am to be utterly despoiled!"

"You will be a marchioness, child!"

"And the most miserable woman that ever breathed!"

"Not unless you choose. I am sure the marquis seems very kind."

"Is he kind to the poor?"

"I suppose so."

"Or to his servants?"

"You must ask them that question."

"Then why should he be kind to me?"

"That is quite a different thing."

"Not at all," interrupted Lina, vehemently. "It is by these things that you find out a man's real disposition. A merciful man is even merciful to his beast."

"I don't suppose the marquis is different from other men, Lina; there are great allowances to be made for him. His first wife died early, and he has never had children to care for him, or a living creature to feel for his loneliness. With a young wife, he would, no doubt, be a different man altogether; and I am sure he seems entirely devoted to you and your interests."

"I don't want his devotion," said Lina, petulantly. "He is old enough to be my grandfather!"

"What does that signify?"

"You would think it signified, Clementina, if he was going to be your husband."

"I don't believe I should. I consider it a great advantage for such a young person as you to have a husband older and wiser than yourself."

"What could I and the marquis have in common? Supposing I loved him dearly—and I hate him!—I could but grieve at such short happiness as I could only look for with a man of seventy."

"I don't believe he is seventy."

"Then he is very near it, Clementina, for his hair is as white as snow."

Clementina was in earnest. It was necessary that Lina should marry the

marquis, under any circumstances; and the poor child, desperate with her sorrow and shame, was very malleable material in the other's hands. She held out still; but Lady Clementina was not discouraged, and returned to the attack.

"His hair being gray," she said, "can be of no consequence."

"It's quite white," interrupted Lina. "Well, then, white. Nothing looks more venerable."

This last adjective was a mistake, and Lady Clementina was conscious of that fact, when Lina caught her up sharply.

"Why should it be necessary for my husband to be venerable, when I am only eighteen?"

"I did not say that it was necessary, but it is certainly desirable, for you are ignorant of the world and its ways, and need some one near you who is better informed than yourself."

"And so I am to marry a man of seventy?"

"You seem to dwell a good deal upon the age of the marquis."

"Of course; so would you. How could he sympathize with me in any of my tastes and pursuits? What real union could there ever be between a young girl just commencing life, and a man of his age?"

Clementina touched the fender with the toe of her satin boot impatiently, and brought all the fire-bricks rattling to the ground. Lina, whose nerves were in an irritable state, from over excitement, uttered a faint shriek.

"Don't be so absurd!" said Clementina, angrily.

"I thought it was some one coming," sighed Lina.

"And supposing some one had come, it wouldn't have been an ogre, I dare say."

"I would rather see an ogre than the Marquis of Dawford."

If Lina had been less generous, how easily she might have retaliated! As it was, the idea never struck her to remind Clementina how she had once pined and sickened for the self-same cause.

"Mr. Carthen said, to-night, he was sure you would not marry the marquis," said Clementina, slowly. "So it seems as if he knew the extent of his own influence. In any case, he advised that you should be sent away before our wedding, as he fears you would make a scene at the ceremony, and render us all ridiculous."

"He need not be afraid," said Lina, almost choking with passion and shame. "I will take care not to spoil the proceedings by any inconvenient display of feeling."

"We shall both be so dreadfully nervous. You have never been taught to control yourself, Lina; you know that."

"I can learn, anyhow."

"I quite agree with Mr. Carthen that if you could be comfortably settled before, it would be a great thing for you."

"I am exceedingly obliged to you both for your kind suggestion." And then she added, in a voice tremulous with such rage as Lina had never felt before in all her life. "I may, perhaps, take his advice, and settle comfortably, as he terms it; but if I do, mind this, Clementina—you are my sister, and I will always welcome you to my house; but when you come, come alone. And now I am tired and sleepy, and it is close upon twelve o'clock. Good night."

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## THE SPIRIT'S SECOND VISIT.

When old Mark heard his son's account of his strange adventure in Lansdowne Wood, he was greatly puzzled and somewhat frightened.

"It seems odd what Tommy Wilson could have been doing there. But there is one thing quite clear—he knows of Flax's fate, and probably it was he who took the body up, in order that the murderer might be found out."

"I wonder he had sense enough."

"Those daft creatures are often very cunning."

It seems as if they was. I don't half like the look of things, father, I can tell you that."

"Nor I, but we must take our chance. I don't see what there is to bring us in."

"There's no telling; Joe would do anything to save himself."

"Ah, that's true! He's a sneak and a coward both, and when you get the two together you may look out for everything that's bad. And the worst of it is, you have offended him."

"I'd scorn to be friends with such a him, father."

"You was once."

"Before I knew him. I thought he had had an accident, the same as Master Herbert had, there's no doubt, and I never knew any worse until of late."

"What opened your eyes?"

"His manner of life, father; his cruel, sly, wicked ways. Then I seemed to see that night in a different light, and now he was now he had turned right round to fire, and how his aim was straight at the other's heart. A wounded man may tell tales—a dead man is quiet forever."

"You may depend that was his thought."

"There's no doubt about it."

After this the two men relapsed into moody silence, as if neither dared tell the extent of his fears. When breakfast was over, as usual, in search of work.

As usual, he returned at dusk, disappointed; even more, bitterly pained and annoyed. As he passed through the village, the only eyes that met his willingly, the only lips that gave him greeting, were those of the widow, Mary Flax.

She came out on her door-step, looking thin and white, but anxious evidently to make her welcome as conspicuous as possible to all her neighbors.

"How do you do, Nat? and what is old Mark about? I haven't seen him down our way for nearly a fortnight now."

Nat felt almost ashamed to face this woman whom his silence wronged, so he said, with rather a penitent air, "Father's lost his work at Mr. Lowe's. Hasn't any one told you?"

"No; come in."

Nat stepped just inside the door, reluctantly, and she closed it sharply upon him.

"I want a word with you. Do you know what folks are saying?"

"No."

"They are saying that you killed my Jim."

"Who says so?" inquired Nat, with sudden fierceness; "who dared father that lie?"

"That is what I want to know. I've got my suspicions, only I keep quiet, because it's best. If I hold my tongue and watch, I shall have him yet."

"Who shall you have?"

"Ah!" she said, "that is my secret. And mind you, Nat, my words to you

this day are not to go an inch beyond those four walls. You understand? Keeping quiet is my only chance, only I wanted you to know that I trust you perfectly, and haven't any thought of your being the man. I'll work to get the real murderer convicted, and I've a feeling that it will come right in the end. So that even if they were to take you to prison, you'd know I was busy trying to bring it home to him (I won't say who), and that he should take your place on the scaffold, even if I couldn't get him until the eleventh hour."

Nat shuddered.

"They wouldn't convict me," he said, with a confidence he did not feel.

"The lawyers can do anything," said the widow, gently. "I wish they would let the whole business alone. I could manage it myself easy if they wouldn't meddle with it."

"If they take me up, I shall tell the truth, and the whole truth," said Nat.

"I wouldn't take a friend's sin on my shoulders, much more an enemy's."

"Nat," she said, solemnly, "if you know anything, I beseech you to speak at once. To-morrow it may be too late."

"Look here, Mary," he said, in an earnest tone, "I know that you'll believe better than I raised my arm against your husband, even to strike him. He was doing his duty, and he was a right to be against me, and I knew it; and though I meant to get away, of course I never meant to harm him. But, you see, I was there, and saw what took place, and I might come in for it as well as others. And, besides, there's something goes against the grain in turning informer."

"Not to save yourself, Nat."

"I'll speak if they force me to, but not before."

"If that should be too late to do you any good?" she urged.

"Ah! it won't. Come, Mary, I've always said you were the bravest woman I had ever seen; you aren't getting a coward now by chance, are you?"

"Trouble has not done that yet. I can keep up until it is all over. I don't know what will become of me afterwards, and I shouldn't think either, if it wasn't for my little ones."

"They shan't want all the while I'm living."

She looked at him earnestly.

"Nay," she said; "you'll have enough to do to keep your own children, some of these days."

"I doubt not, Mary."

"Why?"

"I shall wait until your little Mary is ready to marry," he said, with an attempt at playfulness; "and then she will laugh a little, as a strange procession coming slowly out from under the trees. There were three men and a few boys, and something carried in their midst, fearful to think upon, still more fearful to see. He dashed open the door, and sprang through breathless."

"Pull down the blind, father," he exclaimed, "pull down the blind. They have found the body, and are going past."

"Why, Nat, you're mad!" answered the old man, sternly. "Do you want them to think we did it?"

"They think so now, father!"

"How do you know?"

"Mary Flax told me that."

"She doesn't accuse you?"

"I fancy she knows the truth, only she's keeping quiet in order to put him off his guard."

At this minute there was a dark shadow on the window. Nat sat up and covered his eyes.

"Tell me when they have passed, father."

A few seconds' silence, and then old Mark said, "They are gone now, lad."

"Who was with 'em—did you see?"

"Lawrence was one; I didn't see any more."

"And Joe?"

"He might have been there, but if so, he stooped passing the window."

"He was as sly as a fox," said old Mark, rising to his feet and stretching himself; "sitting idle at home doesn't suit me. I'll go out with you to-night, if I live long enough. The fresh air and the excitement will do me a world of good. There's nothing so bad for a man as sitting moping at home. And we shall be starting again, if we don't take care."

"Perhaps we shall find supper ready for us again to-night."

"No such luck, Nat, you may depend. Such miracles as that only happen once in a way."

"We'll get off as soon as it is a little darker; shall we?"

"Ah! I'm ready at any moment."

"I expect they'll have enough to think about this evening, without looking after us," Nat remarked. "Only I don't see much use in going; we've no traps and no carriage."

Old Mark pointed to something on the table, and chuckled.

"What is it?"

"Why, enough powder and shot for two charges, that's what it is."

"Where did it come from?"

"I scraped it out of the drawers. I'd nothing to do all day, and that amused me."

"I never thought I'd wasted so much."

"You see, lad, when people have plenty, they don't take an account of it. Then you come to want, and set to work to pick up the crumbs left from an old meal."

"That's true," answered Nat; and opened the door and looked out. It was dusk now, and the trees on the Point threw out a mass of shadow, dense and black.

Nat drew in his head, shivering.

"Let's time for us to start, father, if you are ready."

"Did you ever know me a minute behind when there was any sport going on?"

Mark shouldered his gun; they stirred

a hare out of his seat as they walked, and it went scudding away in front of them; but old Mark would not fire—the hare was too doubtful, and his powder and shot too scanty to make it worth while.

But it was a hard effort to restrain himself.

"This is something like," said old Mark, drawing a deep, long breath. "It makes me young again when I get into the woods. And yet, somehow, I don't feel as if I should ever come out here any more."

"Why not?"

"I can't tell; it's only a feeling I have. Look out, Nat."

"What is it?"

"Nat had the gun now, and old Mark took it from him."

"I'm the best shot, he said; 'let me fire.'"

"I wouldn't waste shot on a partridge, father; it isn't big enough for two."

"Nay," said old Mark; "that's as fine a pheasant as ever you saw. Whist, Nat, don't stir."

It was just light enough to see the bird rising on the wing, as if suddenly disturbed at roost by the sound of voices and steps.

Old Mark fired, and the bird fell dead at his feet, the warm life-blood sprinkling his cheek.

He felt for it on the ground, and then took it up and thrust it into his pocket.

"No more firing now," he said; "we are sure of something for dinner to-morrow."

The words had scarcely passed his lips, when a sudden, stealthy hand was at his throat.

"Nat," gasped the old poacher, "why, what the deuce do you mean?"

"I'll speak, father; you'll choke me," muttered Nat, confused and breathless.

"Silence!" exclaimed the stern voice of Lawrence, the keeper. "We have you fast now; and before Nat could utter another word, he found himself helpless."

"What is this for?" he asked, presently, and tried to speak in a bold voice.

"For murder!"

"For murder?" echoed old Mark. "What, my lad?"

"Ay, Mark Greyson," answered Lawrence, "if you'd brought up your son different you never have seen this sight. But as you sow so shall you reap."

"For murder!" repeated the old man, incredulously, yielding to a kind of dull despair. "I don't deny that I've learnt him to take a bird here and there, where he could get it; but as for killing a fellow creature, why the boy has such a tender heart, that he wouldn't heart a fly, knowingly."

"That he'll have to prove," answered Lawrence, who, naturally, would feel no sympathy for old Mark and his son after the trouble they had given him. "He'll be let loose, there's no doubt, if he can prove he has a right to be."

"I shall tell the whole truth, now I'm forced to it; and the real murderer will have to suffer, not me. I'm not afraid to meet the whole world face to face if it comes to that."

Then he turned upon his gaoler's—dark figure, with dusky face, whom he could not see sufficiently to be able to determine their identity.

"I know what I am taken for; but they can't say my father had anything to do with it, any how. Take me where you will, but let him go."

"No," said Lawrence, decidedly; "we caught him in the act, and it's time he was stopped at that game. A taste of prison fare will do him all the good in the world."

"Why, even prison fare would be a luxury to men who have gone days together without so much as a crust of bread. If he was out to-night, it was because we didn't know where to look for a mouthful of food on the morrow."

"That's a pretty tale," said Lawrence, sternly. "I'll wager, if we was to go to your cottage, we should find the larder full."

"The other night, when we were dozing in our chairs, stupid with hunger, we woke to find our table laid with plenty; and on the rest of our meal last night we have fed to-day."

"I expect you laid it already before you went to sleep."

"I tell you we were starving. We had been turned out of our work, and had neither money nor bread in the house. I picked up a crust some woman had thrown out to the dogs, and this he ate thankfully; for no victuals of any sort had passed his lips for three whole days."

Lawrence laughed incredulously.

"I don't know what's to prevent a murderer from being a liar," he said. "It wouldn't be his conscience, I should say."

"I am neither a murderer nor a liar," said Nat; "and I never took a single thing that didn't belong to me, in all my life."

"You'll deny having been a poacher, now?"

"No, I shan't; but the birds that fly in the air, and the fishes that swim in the sea, belong to me as much as they do to Lord Dacre, or Mr. Carthen, or any one else. God never meant such things for the rich alone; on the contrary, I believe they were sent as a provision for the poor."

"Perhaps you'll keep up the preserves, then, and pay me?" said Lawrence, jeeringly. "I don't see why you should have all the profit, and none of the pain."

This view of the case seemed to strike Nat clearly for the first time; and, being naturally candid, he said, almost involuntarily:

"I never thought about that. Of course it looks different when you put it in that light. Anyhow, Master Lawrence, whatever me and my father have been before, I swear to you we was only poaching to-night to save ourselves from starving. We didn't know where to look for a meal to-morrow, or the next day, or any day after; for though I've been all over the country after work, no one would look at me. I'm sure, if Mr. Carthen knew the truth, he'd let him go. I'll go off to prison myself without a murmur; but father's an old man, and if you coop him up between four stone walls he'll just pine to death."

"Peace, lad!" said old Mark. "Where you can go, I can go. Only, I suppose, they won't be so good as to put us together—we who have never been parted a single night since the day you was born—"

His voice broke down a little here; but he rallied at once, and added, boldly, "I don't want to be let off, for it strikes me I should soon be creeping to the prison door, and asking to be let in, just for the sake of being in the same place as my











moment more, and Miriam recovering her self-possession, rose haughtily to her feet.

"I do not understand you," she said. "Let me call Eugene. You have gone mad, or else it is you who would murder him. In heaven's name, are you walking in your sleep? What is it that you would do?"

"Call him back to life, if it be not already too late," replied the housekeeper, sternly, still slapping Mr. Danvers vigorously in the face and moving him back and forth. "Thank God that I did come in at the right moment. I could not rest, and something seemed to be calling me here. Ah, thank heaven! he breathes again. Mrs. Danvers he is reviving; one moment more and you would have stood a murderer before heaven and me!"

"You still rave," said Mrs. Danvers, smothering, though with all her self-possession she could not conceal the look of baffled rage that flashed from her eyes. "Should I inform Eugene of this insolence, I do not think you would remain beneath this roof many hours longer, but I am so constituted that a servant cannot provoke my resentment, so you are safe from me."

"I do not know whether I am or not," said Mrs. Manning, bitterly. "Call your husband; you will not dare to tell him."

"Will not dare to tell him what?" That his father has some very important servants in his household?" asked Miriam, coolly.

"Will not tell him," replied the housekeeper, lifting a head as proud as her own, "that you are secretly attempting his father's life in the dead of night, when you had agreed to watch here. You know that he has an affection of the heart that would bring death from the inhalation of chloroform."

"I am surprised at myself that I bandy words with you," said Miriam, with provoking sang froid. "But I will say that I knew nothing of the sort. I was suffering with a severe headache, and had the chloroform for my own use; and I had even fancied that the smell of it might benefit Mr. Danvers, he was in such a paroxysm of suffering. I knew nothing of his heart disease."

"No," said the clear eyes looked through her, but they did not falter. "I should be sorry to do you an injustice, Mrs. Danvers, said Maude, returning the gaze; "but I know more of you than you think; and without entirely knowing the cause, I am perfectly aware of the mutual dislike that has existed between you and Mr. Danvers since you came here, and before any court of justice the circumstance of your having chloroform here at this hour of the night would tend to excite suspicion."

"I don't see, I must say, it was here for my benefit and not his."

This was strictly true, heaven knows, though not exactly as she intended Maude to understand it, and the two women looked at each other for some moments in mutual distrust and dislike. Miriam was the first to speak.

"Did Mr. Danvers take you into his confidence?" she asked, still with the sneer that sometimes provoked a deeper resentment than words can do. "It is a little remarkable that both he and his servants should regard me as a tragic conspirator of the Borgias or the Medici order, without a shadow of grounds for so doing."

The constant reference to Mrs. Manning as a "servant" was another of her studied points of insult, and as the latter stood with folded arms, still without replying, looking at Mr. Danvers, who had recovered his momentary loss of respiration, and seemed to be sinking into a more natural sleep than he had yet known, Miriam ventured once more in a tone that, in spite of herself, evinced no small degree of interest.

"Will you be kind enough to inform me through what sources you derive your impressions with regard to me?"

"I have some that you do not know of, I reckon. I am not at liberty to disclose," replied Mrs. Manning, coldly. A vivid flush passed over Miriam's face, and she caught hold of the housekeeper's arm with a nervous, angry clasp.

"You must be in league with the demons who have stolen my child," she cried, in a tone of hysterical exclamation.

"I am in league with no one who perpetrates unlawful or cruel deeds," replied Maude, with severe pride. "Heaven is my witness that I could never have abetted such an act. But why do I condescend to deny. My reputation has never been tainted with the imputation of a crime."

There was the proud consciousness of virtue in word and look, and Miriam, hardened woman that she was, until that she bowed to it in involuntary admiration.

"But," she said, eagerly, unwilling to release the other now that the subject had been broached, "you will not deny that you know something of my enemies?"

"I would scarcely know how to reply to that," returned Maude. "Whether you have ever given just cause to any one to inflict punishment like that upon you is a thing which you alone could decide."

"You have then seen that unprincipled fanatic, Nina De Costa?"

"And you know Caspar Lenox?"

Mrs. Manning was silent for a moment, and when she spoke it was in a constrained tone.

"Mrs. Danvers, it is entirely useless to prolong this interview. Your imagination is vivid, I see. You will be forced to indulge it. I have nothing to tell you."

She had taken her seat at the bedside, with one hand upon the sick man's pulse.

"He seems to be quieter in defiance of my chloroform," said Miriam, rising; "so it was not bad for him, after all. How long will you remain here?"

"Until some member of the family or known friend takes my place," returned Miriam, proudly ignoring the other's emphasis, "and since you will kindly take my post, I, too, will retire, as I have not slept. I hope you will have time to reflect and see your unnatural suspicions in their truly ridiculous aspect by the light of day. Good night. And Miriam passed, still with haughtily erect head, to her own room, where Eugene lay peacefully sleeping.

"That was a narrow escape," she murmured, "but I am sure I managed it cleverly. She will let me breathe her suspicions; but, in the meantime, this abortive attempt may ruin me, for even I could not dare the effort again."

for his ready acquiescence in their scheme they might have been betrayed at any moment; but certain it is, that at the end of six months they were further removed from all traces of the boy than they had been at the beginning, notwithstanding the tremendous rewards that had incited the vigilance of the police.

And, in the meantime, Cecil had been living in obscure quarters with his "aunt," faring roughly, sleeping on harder beds than he had ever seen, and wandering about with her during the day until his young limbs, unaccustomed to long continued physical exertion, fairly ached with pain; and yet he seemed to prefer the new life to the old. He had occasionally Nina some trouble on the day after they had left the train, by his sudden and unaccountable disgust for feminine attire.

"I want my trousers," he said, abruptly, walking up to her with a determined air but a moment after they had established themselves in a room for the day. "The people all put me on the cheek, and call me a girl in good earnest, and I don't like that. Women are no account; I am going to be a man."

"Well, wearing a dress for a few days will not make a girl of you, and you know Tom Robinson would offer to the police to bring you back; and you are only doing this to fool them."

"I can fool them in my pants as well," he replied, resolutely; "and I mean to have them to look at. I am going to play with some boys."

In vain did Nina attempt to reason with him. He could not have had the combined respect and fear for any woman that he entertained for Tom Robinson, and he would submit only to him. Now that he had left the cars he would have back his male attire. Nina was half in despair, and altogether angry when she found herself forced to submit.

"I shall have to buy some," she said, sharply. "You must wear your present dress until dusk this evening, when I shall have to get a carriage to take us to a new boarding house, and you must change on the way. I tell you we shall be watched, and the first thing you know you will be carried back to your mother and her new husband, and I and Tom Robinson will be punished."

Cecil seemed, however, to think she would be sharp enough to get him through, and still obstinately insisted upon his first demand; and accordingly the change was effected in the evening without discovery.

In a few weeks Cecil grew restless again.

"When is Tom Robinson coming?"

"As soon as he can get away. He fears to bring suspicion on you too soon."

"But I am tired of you," said Cecil; "and I want him."

A day or so later Nina received a letter, which she read to him.

"Cecil must be both patient and cautious," he said, "and he would come for him as speedily as possible, to begin their tour of adventures. At present he was occupied every moment, and could not leave. He must recollect that their work was a difficult one, and would require time; and that no one ever yet deserved success, who was not willing both to work and wait for it."

Cecil's great admiration for the author influenced him to follow his advice as nearly as he could for a while longer, but his naturally restless and impatient temperament soon developed itself again. And in spite of Nina's protests, the boy wandered about all day, and was frequently in the street until late at night.

One of his favorite resorts was down upon the river's bank, fishing, with a promiscuous crowd of illiterate and often unprincipled boys, himself seemingly the happiest of the crowd. This was a source of great annoyance and even sorrow to Nina, but she, for true to her nature, in defiance of her long nurtured resentment, there were some womanly and even tender emotions still left in her heart; and bitterly as she despised the mother, she found herself, despite her efforts to the contrary, loving this wayward child with all the ardor of her enthusiastic temperament—an ardor enhanced tenfold now by her secluded life, and his naturally restless and impatient temperament soon developed itself again.

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"And your aunt lets you do as you please, I see. Now how long have you been living with her?"

"Ever so long. I don't know." Nothing could have been more natural than the boy's tone and manner. The man looked down at him with puzzled interest.

"Did you ever know a little boy named Cecil?" he asked, suddenly—"Cecil Dupre?"

"No," answered Miss James Robinson, stoutly.

"Because," said the man, taking a photograph from his pocket, "you are as like as two peas. I could have sworn you were the same."

Cecil took the picture and inspected it with supreme indifference.

"That boy has on fine clothes, fit only to be shut up in a house," he said, contemptuously; "and mine are rough. No, I don't know him."

"Well, that boy was stolen from his mother some months ago, and all I have to say is, if you wanted fine clothes, you have only to go to her. She would swear you were her own child."

"I believe I won't try it," said the boy, beginning to whistle. "I like well enough where I am." And he turned in at a gate, leaving the man to go on his way, entirely baffled.

Nina was duly informed of this adventure, with sundry embellishments with regard to his own sagacity, and so alarmed was she that she at once wrote a detailed account to Caspar Lenox, who summoned her by telegraph, to meet him, without delay, in a distant town, with the boy was in transports of joy at the idea that his new life was about to begin.

And, in truth, Lenox taking him to a distant State, gratified the darling wish of this aspiring young gentleman's heart, by placing him, for the present, with additional instructions, in the hands of the chief of a circus company, where we must leave of him for the present.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### GOLDSMITH MAID.

The recent remarkable performance of this extraordinary animal have created so much excitement, that we think the following particulars regarding her early career, taken from a contemporary, will prove of interest to many of our readers.

The Maid was a wayward child. From the date of her birth on the farm of John B. Decker, in Wantage township, Sussex county, New York, in the spring of 1857, to the age of six years she distinguished herself in many ways, but never as a trotter. She was undersized, nervous and fretful, and utterly refused heavy farm work.

Mr. Decker, her owner, says he never got any work out of her but twice, once half day in ploughing corn, and one half day in drawing stones. Once she was hitched to a harrow, but after a short distance she reared back, and entangled both her hind legs in the cross-piece of the harrow and so injured those members that when she goes out for her morning walks it is said she still shows signs of stiffness behind, caused by this fall in early life.

From the time she was six months old until Mr. Decker sold her she was used as a race horse, though without her owner's knowledge. The boys on the farm, of course, as boys do, were anxious to know which was the speediest horse, and at an early day they found it was the Maid.

And so, after the "old man" had gone to bed, they would take her out of the pasture or stable whenever a race could be made up and run her on the road after night. She beat everything that could be brought to run with her, so that finally none but the uninformed from a distance could be found to bet against her. These races were made up at the country stores and lounging places in the evening after farm work was over, and the race run the same night after the "old man" had gone to bed. No training, no grooms, no jockeys, no weight for age—just a man or a boy in his bare feet, mounted bare back, with his toes hugging the mare's belly, and a loath, and the style; and the Maid no doubt enjoyed it more than she has some of her late races in the trotting ring.

One day in the summer of 1863 two men were out buying horses for the army, and stopped all night at Mr. Decker's, and in the morning bought the Maid of him for \$200, and started for home, leaving the mare behind them. On their way they met a Mr. Tompkins, who knew the little mare, and bought her off them for \$300. The two men also knew her and believed that she could be made a trotter, but were willing to make \$100 by their morning's bargain. The next day Tompkins sold her to Alden Goldsmith, an excellent judge of horseflesh, of Blooming Grove, Orange county, N. Y., for \$600. From him she took the name of Goldsmith Maid.

He kept her pretty steadily training under William Bedine, to whom more than any other living man should be awarded the credit of first bringing the mare out. While in training for the trotting course she was so fretful and irritable, so determined to run at every opportunity instead of trotting, so hard to bring to trot after breaking from that gait, that Mr. Goldsmith many times determined to give up the training and sell her at once, but his patient driver maintained his abiding faith in her, and assured his employer that she was the fastest animal on his premises, and would come out at last a great trotter, and finally persuaded him to keep her, which he did until this driver so brought out her points that Mr. Goldsmith in November, 1868, sold her to R. Jackman and Budd Doble for \$20,000. These gentlemen sold her to Mr. H. N. Smith for the sum of \$37,000. She made her first appearance in public in August, 1869.

BEAUTY OR BRAINS.—If it were optional with all women to be intelligent or beautiful, but forbidden to them to be both, which of two gifts, beauty or brains, would the majority of the sex prefer? This is a delicate question; but if put to the vote we are inclined to think that beauty would carry the day. Men bow down to feminine loveliness; but as a rule they are apt to fight shy of feminine wisdom. Some of them even seem to regard it with jealousy, as an infringement on their prerogative. It is true that several tough old philosophers have inveighed against the influence of beauty, stigmatizing it as a "short-lived tyranny," a "silent fraud," a "mere accident of nature," and the like; but the probability is, that these caustic fellows had made bids for it in vain, and that the acidity of temper they displayed was ascribable to "sour grapes."

When others as you would be weighed yourselves, and the scales would have a surety.

Why thus longing? For the far off, unattained and dim, While the beautiful, all around thee lying, Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching, All thy restless yearning it would still; Lo! and down, and down, and down are preaching, These own spheres, though humble, first to fill.

For indeed there must be, if around thee None say so, or thy heart must throw Some silent chord of love that binds thee To some little world through soul or woe.

If dear eyes thy fond love can brighten, No fond voice answer to thine own; If as brother's sorrow thou must lighten, By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by words that win the crowd's applause, Not by words that give thee world renown, Not by martyrdom, or vaunted crosses, 'Tis but thus thou winst the "immortal crown."

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely, Every day a rich reward will give; Thus will find by heartily striving only, And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

A GHOST ON HORSEBACK.

Perhaps the most wonderful ghost story ever heard of is the following, which is told as having actually occurred to the Rev. John Jones, of Holiwell, while riding in North Wales, England, on missionary business. We give the narrative in the reverend gentleman's own words:

"When I had performed about half my journey, as I was emerging from a wood situated at the commencement of a long, steep decline, I observed coming towards me a man on foot. By his appearance, judging from the sickle which he carried sheathed in straw over his shoulder, he was doubtless a reaper in search of employment. As he drew near I recognised a man whom I had seen at the door of the village inn of Llanwhellyn, where I had stopped to bait my horse. On our meeting, he touched his hat, and asked me if I could tell him the time of day. I pulled out my watch for the purpose, noticing at the same time the peculiar look which the man cast at its heavy silver case. Nothing else, however, occurred to excite any suspicion on my part, so wishing him a 'good afternoon,' I continued my journey."

"When I had ridden about half-way down the hill, I noticed something moving, and in the same direction as myself, on the other side of a large hedge, which ran nearly parallel with the road, and ultimately terminated at a gate through which I had to pass. At first I thought it an animal of some kind or other, but soon discovered, by certain depressions in the hedge, that it was a man running in a stooping position. I continued for a short time to watch his progress with some curiosity, but my curiosity soon changed to fear when I recognised the reaper with whom I had conversed a few minutes before, engaged in tearing off the straw band which sheathed his sickle."

"He hurried until he reached the gate, and then concealed himself behind the hedge within a few yards of the road. I did not then doubt for a moment but that he had resolved to attack, perhaps murder, me for the sake of my watch and whatever money I might have about me. I looked around in all directions, but not a single human being was to be seen; so, reining in my horse, I asked myself in much alarm what I could do. Should I turn back? No; my business was of the utmost importance to the cause for which I was journeying, and as long as there existed the faintest possibility of getting there I could not think of returning. Should I trust to the speed of my horse, and endeavor to dash by the man at full speed? No; for the gate through which I had to pass was not open. Could I leave the road and make my way through the fields? I could not, for I was hedged in by rocky banks or high hedges on both sides. The idea of a personal encounter could not be entertained for a moment, for what chance could I, weak and unarmed, have against a powerful man with a dangerous weapon in his hand? What course then should I pursue? I could not tell, and at length, in despair rather than in a spirit of humble trust and confidence, I bowed my head and offered up a silent prayer. This had a soothing effect upon my mind, so that, refreshed and invigorated, I proceeded anew to consider the difficulties of my position. At this juncture my horse, growing impatient at the delay, started off. I clutched the reins, which I had let fall on his neck, for the purpose of checking him, when, happening to turn my eyes, I saw to my utter astonishment that I was no longer alone. There by my side I beheld a horseman in a dark dress, mounted on a white steed. This had a soothing effect upon my mind, so that, refreshed and invigorated, I proceeded anew to consider the difficulties of my position. 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